



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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NO. 9.

SELECT TALES.

From the Literary Museum.

The Patriot Mother.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

[Concluded.]

The storm had now abated, and was succeeded by a placid and balmy atmosphere, with a rapidity of change known only in southern climates. The moon in cloudless majesty looked out from her starry eminence, throwing a path of silver across the now glassy waters in the bay of Lagunayra, and brightening into gems the heavy drops of rain that hung from the luxuriant vegetation that covered, to their towering peaks, the gigantic and undulated hills behind the town. The Spanish sentinel who guarded the dungeons in which were immured the prisoners of war, was pacing to an fro, now listening to the gentle roar of the waves, that lazily broke against the fortified walls, and now cursing the the mosquitoes that tormentingly settled upon his face and hands—when he observed Pablo and his companions wrapped in cloaks, and challenged them to stand. His suspicions were allayed when they gave the pass word, and represented themselves as traders, who were thus early on their way, to observe if the earthquake of the previous night had injured their warehouses.

'Aye!' said the sentinel, 'these earthquakes trouble me sorely. I have not slept soundly since I set foot on Terra Firma, as they call it, though it is never firm two hours together; and that with Indians, and panthers, and snakes, and mosquitoes, and other vermin, without reckoning the rebel Mexicans that fight under Bolivar, there's no safety in the land for a Christian man.—That was a fearful shock at midnight! There is scarce a stone even in dungeons but it has disjoined.'

Pablo heard the intelligence with joy, and proceeded, affecting careless curiosity, to inquire who peopled the different dungeons.

'All rebels, to be sure,' said the Andalusian. All of them were found fighting in the Independent cause. 'But there,' said he, pointing to a dungeon that seemed more shattered than

the rest,—there we have a bird well worth the catching—one of those devils of Montillas, Thomas by name.

Pablo concealed his emotion, and while his companions held the garrulous soldier in boastful detail of his exploits and escapes, and plied him with wine, from a flask prudently brought for the occasion, he went up to the dungeon, which was shaken to its base, and whispering to the prisoner, to be silent and cautious, succeeded, unobserved, in removing a few blocks of stone. His brother, with difficulty, made his way through the aperture and crept on his hands knees, under the shadow of the walls until his form could not be distinguished in the obscurity.

Pablo presented the soldier with a piece of gold, in token of his friendship, and wished him a hearty farewell.

'A good journey to you, sirs,' replied the sentinel. 'It is gold I declare, and the sight of it does one's eyes good. Gold! why they told us, when we sailed from Cadiz, that there were mines and mountains of gold in this new world, as they call it, and they gave us a draft on the gold mines of Pot—pot—pot—oozy, it was. But except this, instead of gold, I have found nothing but lead whizzing about my ears ever since I landed, and cannon balls at times, which I suppose is the only pot metal we poor soldiers will ever see. A good journey to you, sirs, I must go my rounds—All's well.'

In a few minutes Pablo, Thomas, and their two friends passed the drawbridge at the west end of the bye-path, towards the camp. The belligerent armies had, however, unluckily for the fugitives, changed their position, in anticipation of attack, and they came unexpectedly upon a party of the enemy. A desperate conflict ensued. Pablo was slightly wounded, and was borne off a prisoner, beyond rescue, by some dragoons, to the enemy's head quarters;—while his friends, after gallantly beating back their assailants, three of whom they left prostrate on the field, found their way to the patriot army.

Meanwhile, Monteverde had joined his troops and was exasperated to learn that Thomas Montilla, whose ability as an officer

he had cause to dread, had escaped. His resentment, to know that he had been rescued by Pablo, now his prisoner, knew no bounds, and he ordered the youth to be brought before him, resolving to bid adieu to all further clemency towards a family who had crossed his path at every turn, and to whose popular standard, hundreds, he now heard, were hourly flocking. The interview was brief. He denounced the prisoner as a traitor—and the charge was fearlessly hurled back upon him by the youth. Boiling with rage, he at length exclaimed, 'It was my purpose, to make thy brother's, and his rebels' submission, the price of mercy to thee—but that is over.'

'I would scorn a life,' said Pablo, interrupting him, 'that was purchased by such baseness, and learn, tyrant, that it has been agreed betwixt me and my brother, that should either become the victim of your oppression, no threat of death to one shall buy the other to thy will.'

Monteverde foamed with rage to be thus defied, and calling his guards, he exclaimed—'Bear him off! Give him one hour to make his peace with heaven—and then to military execution with the traitor! away! away!'

The guards obeyed and the young soldier was handcuffed, and led to the front of the assembled army,—while a whisper of commiseration ran through their ranks, that he was one of the gallant sons of Montilla.

* * * * *

Monteverde was reclining in his tent in moody solitude, when his daughter rushed with frenzied wildness into his presence, and threw herself at his feet, with her hands clasped, in an agony of fear and supplication. Gasping for utterance, and in broken accents, she sobbed out.

'Oh save him! do not doom him to death, for he is more than all the world to me. Oh, rather send him far away—to exile! Keep him a prisoner—any thing but death! Oh, save him! save him!'

'It cannot be!' replied the haughty chief. 'His fate will quell the daring spirits of the land, and smooth my path to richer conquest.'

'Father!' said Paulina, fixing her streaming eyes upon him affectionately, 'let me hope I have never been undutiful.'

'Never, my child!' replied the general.

'Believe me, then,'—she added—'for terror and compassion now forbid me to conceal what would never else be revealed—that I would rather share with Pablo the humblest crust, than, he being dead, partake of all the wealth which a wish could ever name. Father! he is young and thoughtless; let him live!'

At this moment Madame Montilla rushed into the tent.

'Heaven bless thee, lady!' she exclaimed, 'pleading for the life of my son. Another suppliant Spaniard, now kneels before thee, whose claims are still more urgent. Oh cast away all thoughts of past contention, and spare my boy! he never did thee wrong.'

'He is a traitor;' said the general.

'Oh, no!' cried the matron, 'it was not treason. He but released his brother from a dungeon; and such an act cannot be deemed worthy of death by an honorable soldier!'

'We are not,' replied Monteverde, 'to be taught the laws of war by women; our orders must be executed.'

Paulina sprang from the floor, and throwing her arms, as if instinctively, round his neck, exclaimed, while she took a ring from her bosom, 'Oh no! no! This ring—it was my mother's, and, when thou gavest it, thou saidst, with tenderness, 'Take it my child! and if thou art dutiful, when thou presentest it, whatever favor thou mayest ask, I will freely grant!'

'It was an idle gift!' said the half-relenting chief, 'and given at an idle hour.'

'Oh! it was given sincerely!' tenderly resumed the fair suppliant; 'Redeem it, father, and all the boons I ever might ask, shall now be summed in one!'

'Be merciful!' added Madame Montilla, 'as thou dost hope for mercy in the season of tribulation, in the hour of death; and as thou holdest dear the memory of her who gave birth to this thy lovely child. I am a mother too: his life! his life! The hour is on the wing; even now, perhaps they take the deadly aim!—delay were death. Here!' she added, observing his rigid countenance relax, and presenting a pen from the table,—write briefly his reprieve!'

'Ye have prevailed,' said the general; 'his life shall be spared!'

The matron uttered a cry of joy, while he took the pen; and Paulina, embracing him affectionately, could but say, while her tears fell fast, the simple words—'Oh, my father!—my dear father?'

The pardon was scarcely signed, when Madame Montilla seized it, and turned to run from the tent with the joyful tidings,—when the tolling of a bell; succeeded by a sharp

volley of musketry, was heard from the adjoining field. Paulina fainted in her father's arms, and the matron was struck motionless with horror.—When her feelings found utterance, she exclaimed, with the wildness of a maniac, 'Oh, God! it is too late! Thy mercy was too slow, thou stubborn Spaniard, to be availing. See!' she added, with eyeballs straining on vacuity, 'they have murdered him already!—he falls! he dies! My Pablo—my boy! my boy!'

She rushed from the tent with desperate speed, followed by Paulina, whom the shock had rendered not less frantic. The general left for a moment, to his remorseful reflections, felt that, now the youth was dead, he was neither avenged nor advantaged.

He was roused by repeated volleys of musketry, and shouts of 'Death or Liberty!'—He sprang from the tent with drawn sword, and found that the enemy had surprised his camp; were already dealing carnage and confusion on every side. The drums beat to arms, and the regiments he had posted in the back ground, joining their comrades in the van, the engagement became general. The two armies were matched in point of numbers, and never was there a contest in which men fought with more enthusiastic ardor on one side, or more desperate courage on the other. The Colombians, who had in former battles been generally outnumbered, had longed to meet the enemy man to man. They had now their wish; and stern was the retribution they took for the accumulated cruelties and indignities to which, their country had been for years, subjected by the invaders.

Monteverde headed the flower of his army, and fought with a desperation that evinced his conviction that the fortune of the hour must fix the allegiance of that land to his royal master, or his weakened tenure be forever lost. The contest long remained doubtful, and each succeeding volley seemed to mark out an equal number of victims on either side.

Paulina, meantime, oppressed with grief and terror, had sunk under a tree, leaving Madame Montilla there alone to see the mangled body of Pablo, the sight of which she could not endure. The frenzy of the timid girl had subsided into a listless calm; and with her eyes fixed on the grass, she seemed unconscious of her danger, though the musket balls were whistling over her head.

In a short time, Madame Montilla ran up to her, and, tapping her joyfully on the shoulder, exclaimed—'Joy, daughter! joy!—He lives! My Pablo lives, and is now in the hottest of the fight!—The musketry we heard, was that of the patriot band, headed by his brother, who daringly penetrated the Spanish lines and rescued him from destruction, even when the muskets were leveled at his breast!'

Paulina could not speak for some moments, in the excess of her delight. A gush of tears came to her relief; and she fell upon the matron's neck, and cried—'Oh, thou art an angel messenger! He is ours again; and he and I will yet call thee mother!'

'Thou art a fond and foolish girl!' said Madame Montilla moved by her tenderness; 'but let us hasten from unnecessary danger; from yonder mount we may witness the contest in security.'

They hurried to the knoll that rose, in the Savannah lands, like a small insulated peak in the middle of a sea of verdure.

They obtained a proximate and distinct view of the combatants, who spread the contention over a wide extent of the surrounding ground. Monteverde, mounted on a noble animal, now heading a detachment of dragoons, was observed leading on and encouraging by his gestures the Spanish troops, a few of the advanced companies of which were mounted on mules—the youth, Thomas Montilla, who had the day before been his helpless prisoner, and who now, with a coolness seldom evinced but by men of riper years, deliberately loaded his musket, while amidst a shower of balls, and picked the bravest of the Spanish officers, and now slung it over his shoulders, as if impatient of tardy effect, and, animating his comrades by his shouts, spread destruction with his gleaming falchion amidst the most daring of his antagonists.

The left wing of the Patriot army, (that next to the eminence on which Madame Montilla and the timid Paulina stood, was headed by Pablo, who was conspicuous in the white undress in which he had been led to the place of execution, and who well proved, on that day, that if he had not yet inherited the fortunes, he at least possessed all the ardor of his intrepid sire. The right wing was led on to glory by Manuel Garcia, a generous priest, who, on a peaceful mission to the Castle of Puerto Cabello, had been basely thrown into a dungeon by the Spaniards, and now, with a golden cross in one hand, and a resistless sabre in the other, dealt out a fearful revenge upon the foe.

From the mount on which she stood, Madame Montilla kept her eyes riveted upon the foremost of the combatants; and there, wherever there was aught of fearless daring to achieve, her gallant boys, like the avenging spirits of the land, were the distinguished leaders. Her heart now beat with the proudest joy of a mother, when she beheld their irresistible course, like gallant ships dividing the waves with their prows, and dashing them aside in triumph; and now a mother's fears came upon her, when in the rally of the foe, she saw them, tho' dauntless still, hewing their way through surrounding foe-men, from

whose desperate attacks escape seemed beyond the power of human effort. These yieldings of the proud spirit of the patriotic matron, to the softer encroachments of the affectionate parent, were of brief duration; and when she thought of her honored lord, and of the injuries of her country, she inwardly exclaimed—'May the God of mercies shield my gallant boys! but, should it be His will that they fall, 'tis in a generous cause, and I shall strive to drown a mother's wailings in the proud exultation that they died avenging the oppressed—a noble sacrifice on the altar of freedom and humanity!'

Paulina's eye sought out, with fearful anxiety, the form of Pablo, in the thickest of the fight; and often did she avert her head when, the smoke of the discharge carried away by the breeze, she beheld him parrying off, with the coolest intrepidity, the blows of the uplifted sabres of his antagonists. Again and again were the Spaniards driven from their ground, and again they rallied, with an obstinacy that seemed to be dictated by despair, if vanquished, of receiving no quarter.

The battle now seemed to preponderate in favor of the Patriots and Madame Montilla was gazing at her son Thomas, who had assailed the dragoons of Monteverde, when a scream from her companion, and the agonizing cry of 'See! see! he is wounded! he falls! he falls!' directed her attention to a nearer part of the field. She beheld Pablo falling into the hands of a comrade; and rushing from Paulina, who had fainted at the sight, she dashed to the spot, through the balls of the combatants, with the fleetness of a roe, and supported him on her knee. A shot had wounded him severely on the left arm, and he had swooned from loss of blood. She tore the embroidered scarf from her bosom, and staunched the streaming wound. When he recovered from his stupor, and beheld his mother leaning over him, bathing his temples with water brought by a soldier in his cap, he seemed to be animated with new life and energy.

'Thanks, noble mother! said the youth, grasping his sword—but oh! retire from danger, and leave me—now I am strong again—to join my comrades; for I have yet much to do to retrieve thy valued confidence; farewell awhile! farewell!'—and he hastened, but, alas! with staggering steps, towards the foe; for his limbs, weakened by the loss of blood, refused to second the ardor of his mind.

'Thou hast my fullest confidence, gallant boy!' exclaimed the matron; 'and nobly hast thou this day redeemed it: but cheer thee Pablo,' she added, while she led him aside to a bank, to which Paulina had in despair, found her way, 'there is another arm to avenge the death of thy father, and the oppressions of thy country.'

She placed upon her brow the helmet of her son, whose head was now rested upon the lap of the trembling Paulina, and took from his enfeebled grasp, the sword yet wet with the life blood of many a foe. It was the sacred weapon which simultaneously drawn with that of the gallant Bolivar, had given the first avenging blows of an injured people. She looked to heaven in prayer as she pressed it to her lips, and dashing into the thickest of the fight, it gleamed aloft in her avengeful arm, to which, enthusiasm had lent a supernatural strength.

The gentle attributes of her sex were merged in the sublimer heroism of the moment.—She gained the side of her son Thomas, who was about to be overpowered by numbers, and her animating shout was heard far and wide—'On Comrades! on! for victory—for freedom! The spirit of Montilla hovers over you! the daughters of Colombia will bless you—and I, their humble delegate, am here beside ye, if the day be lost. On! to glory.'

'Montilla and victory!' rang from rank to rank like an electric essence that gave new nerve to every arm, and the matron and her son, heading the foremost of the troops, after a well aimed volley of musketry, and destructive discharge of artillery, rushed in one wild and daring effort, to the charge. The Spaniards beheld the dauntless female with dismay: they saw their comrades fall thick around her, while she, in her waving mantle,—the silken banner, the first that had been raised for Colombia—appeared like the invulnerable angel of death, commissioned to deal destruction amidst their yielding ranks.

The fate of the day was speedily decided. The invaders fell back in confusion, and Monteverde, who in vain strove to rally them, was borne from the field severely wounded, and conveyed for safety, from the pursuit, to the fortress of Puerto Cabello. The flower of the Spanish army was left dead upon the field; and the retreat of the survivors being frustrated by a masterly manoeuvre of Thomas Montilla, they laid down their arms and became prisoners of war.

Exhausted with fatigue, the heroic Madame Montilla returned amidst the triumphant cheers of the soldiers, and the blessings of groups of females, who had now hastened to the ground, to the spot where her son Pablo rested, by the side of the fond Paulina. He had nearly recovered from his faintness, and rose to meet his mother, who solemnly returned to him his father's sword, which had that day done such fearful execution. And what woman's heart would not have envied the feelings of that noble matron when, embracing her sons, and placing the hand of Pablo into that of Paulina, she exclaimed—

'Thank heaven! thank heaven! no son of mine is a traitor! Montilla is avenged! Colombia is free!'

The patriots suffered some reverses in after years, before their independence was permanently established, but the victory of that day laid the foundation of the freedom of Colombia; and her children will record to after ages, with respect and gratitude, the noble bearing of 'THE PATRIOT MOTHER.'

The Rich and Poor.

A FAIRY TALE.

If the following apologue is fanciful, it is nevertheless, philosophical, and though perhaps, better suited for the meridian of England, than this land of equal privileges and fair opportunity, it elucidates an important subject, and ingeniously exposes a popular error. It is the first chapter of 'John Hopkins' Notions of Political Economy'; a new work, by the delightful author (Mrs. Marcet) of 'Conversations on Chemistry'; which every laboring man in the United States should own, study, and 'inwardly digest.'

Is the time of the Fairies, things went on no better than they do at present.—John Hopkins, a poor laborer, who had a large family of children to support upon very scanty wages, applied to a Fairy for assistance. 'Here I am half starving,' said he, 'while my landlord rides about in a fine carriage; his children are pampered with the most dainty fare, and even his servants are bedizened with gaudy liveries:—in a word, rich men by their extravagance, deprive us poor men of bread. In order to gratify them with luxuries, we are debarred almost the necessities of life.'—'Tis a pitiable case, honest friend,' replied the Fairy, 'and I am ready to do all in my power to assist you and your distressed friends. Shall I, by a stroke of my wand, destroy all the handsome equipages, fine clothes and dainty dishes, which offend you?' 'Since you are so very obliging,' said honest John, in the joy of his heart, 'it would perhaps be better to destroy all luxuries whatever: for, if you confine yourself to those you mention, the rich would soon have recourse to others; and it will scarcely cost you more than an additional stroke of your wand to do the business outright, and get rid of the evil root and branch.'

No sooner said than done. The good-natured Fairy waved her all-powerful wand, and, wonderful to behold! the superb mansion of the landlord shrunk beneath its stroke, and was reduced to an humble thatched cottage. The gay colors and delicate texture of the apparel of its inhabitants faded and thickened, and were transformed into the most ordinary clothing; the green-house plants sprouted out cabbages, and the pinery produced potatoes. A similar change took place in the stables and coach-house; the elegant landau was seen varying in form, and enlarging in dimensions, till it became a wagon; while the smart gig shrunk and thickened into a plough. The manes of the horses grew coarse and shaggy, their coats lost all brilliancy and softness, and their legs became thick and clumsy; in a word, they were adapted to the

new vehicles they were henceforward to draw.

Honest John was profuse in his thanks, but the Fairy stopped him short. 'Return to me at the end of the week,' said she, 'it will be time enough for you to express your gratitude when you can judge how much reason you have to be obliged to me.'

Delighted with success, and eager to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family, John returned home. 'I shall no longer,' said he to himself, be disgusted with the contrast of the rich and the poor: what *they* lose must be our gain, and we shall see whether things will not go on in a different manner.' His wife however did not receive him with equal satisfaction, for, having gone to dress herself (it being Sunday) in her best cotton gown, she beheld it changed to a homely stuff; and her China tea-pot, given her by her landlord's wife, and on which she set no small store, though the handle was broken, was converted into crockery ware!

She came with a woful countenance to communicate these sad tidings to her husband. John hemmed and hawed, and at length wisely determined to keep his own counsel, instead of boasting of being the author of the changes which had taken place. Presently his little boy came in crying. 'What ails you, Tommy?' said the father, half pettishly and somewhat suspecting that he might have caused his tears also. 'Why daddy,' replied the urchin, 'as I was playing at battledore with Dick, the shuttlecock flew away and was lost, and the battledores turned into two dry sticks, good for nothing but to be burnt.' 'Psha!' cried the father, who was beginning to doubt whether he had not done a foolish thing. In order to take time to turn over the subject in his mind, and console himself for his disappointment, he called for his pipe. The good wife ran to fetch it, when lo and behold! the pipes were all dissolved! there was pipe-clay in plenty, but no means of smoking. Poor John could not refrain from an oath, and, in order to pacify him, his wife kindly offered him a pinch of snuff. He took the box: it felt light, and his mind misgave him as he tapped it. It was with too much cause; for, on opening it, he found it empty! At length, being alone, he gave vent to his vexation and disappointment. 'I was a fool,' cried he, 'not to desire the Fairy to meddle with the luxuries of the rich only. God knows, we have so few, that it is very hard we should be deprived of them. I will return to her at the end of the week, and beg her to make an exception in our favor.' This thought consoled him for a while; but, long before the end of the week, poor John had abundance of cause to repent of all he had done. His brother Richard, who was engaged in a silk manufactory, was, with all the other weavers, turned out of work. The silk had disappeared;

the manufacturers, with ruin staring them in the face, had sent their workman out upon the wide world. Poor John conscience struck, received his starving brother into his house. 'You will see great changes for the better soon,' said he, 'and get plenty of work.'—'where and how?' cried Richard; but that was more than John could say.

Soon after, Jack, his eldest son, returned home from the coachmaker with whom he had worked; all the carriages being changed into waggons, carts, and ploughs. 'But why not remain with your master, and work at the carts instead of the coaches?' said his father. 'Nay, but he would not keep me, he had no work for me; he had more carts and waggons than he could dispose of for many a day: the farmers, he said, had more than they wanted, and the cartwright business was at an end, as well as coachmaking.'

John sighed; indeed, he well-nigh groaned with compunction. 'It is, however, fortunate for me,' said he, 'that I earn my livelihood as a laborer in the fields. Corn and hay, thank God! are not luxuries; and I, at least, shall not be thrown out of work.'

In a few days, however, the landlord, on whose estate he worked, walked into the cottage. John did not immediately know him, so much was his appearance altered by a bob wig, a russet suit of clothes, and worsted stockings. 'John,' said he, 'you are an honest hard-working man, and I should be sorry you should come to distress. Here are a couple of guineas, to help you on till you can find some new employment, for I have no further occasion for your services.' John's countenance, which had brightened up at the sight of the gold, now fell most heavily. He half suspected that his landlord might have discovered the author of all the mischief (for such he could no longer conceal from himself that the change really was,) and he muttered, that 'he hoped he had not offended his honor?' 'Do not honor me: we are all now, methinks, peasants alike. I have the good fortune, however, to retain my land, since that is not a luxury; but the farm is so much larger than, in my present style of living, I have any occasion for, that I mean to turn the greater part of it into a sheep-walk, or let it remain uncultivated.' 'Bless your honor, that would be a sad pity! such fine meadows and such corn! But cannot you sell the produce as before? for corn and hay are not luxuries.' 'True,' replied the landlord, 'but I am now living on the produce of less than half my estate; and why take the trouble to cultivate more? for since there are no luxuries to purchase, I want no more money than to pay my laborers, and buy the homely clothes I and my family are now obliged to wear. Half the produce of my land will be quite sufficient for these purposes.'

Poor John was now reduced to despair. The cries of distress from people thrown out of work, every where assailed his ears. He knew not where to hide his shame and mortification till the eventful week had expired, when he hastened to the Fairy, threw himself on his knees, and implored her to reverse the fatal decree, and to bring back things to what they had been before. The light wand once more waved in the air, but in a direction opposite to that in which it before moved; and immediately the stately mansion rose from the lowly cottage; the heavy teams began to prance and snort, and shook their clumsy harness till they became elegant trappings; but most of all was it delightful to see the turned off workman running to their looms and their spindles; the young girls and old women enchanted to regain possession of their lost lace-cushions, on which they depended for their livelihood; and every thing offering a prospect of wealth and happiness, compared to the week of misery they had passed through.

John grew wise by his lesson; and whenever any one complained of the hardness of the times, and laid it to the score of the expenses of the rich, took upon him to prove that the poor were gainers, not losers, by luxuries; and when argument failed to convince his hearers, he related his wonderful tale. One night at a public house, Bob Scarecrow who was one of the listeners, cried out, 'Ah, it is all fine talk, folks being turned off from work if there were no luxuries; for his part, he knew it, to his cost, that he at least lost *his* livelihood, because his master spent his all in luxuries. The young lord whom he served as gamekeeper set no bounds to his extravagance, until he had not a farthing left; and then his huntsman, his hounds, his gamekeeper; and his laced livery servants, were all sent off together! Now, I should be glad to know honest John,' added Bob, 'whether *we* lost our places because there was too much luxury, or too little?' John felt that there was some truth in what Bob said; but he was unwilling to give up the point. At length a bright thought struck him, and he triumphantly exclaimed, 'Too few, Bob! why don't you see, that so long as your master spent his money too freely in luxuries, you kept your places, and when he was ruined and spent no more, you were turned off?'

Bob, was a sharp fellow, saw the weakness of John's argument, and replied that it was neither more nor less than a quibble, fit for a pettifogging lawyer: 'for,' said he, 'suppose that every man of substance were to spend his all, and come to ruin, a pretty plight we poor folks should be in: and you can't deny, that if the rich lived with prudence, and spent only what they could afford, they would continue to keep us in employment.' John

felt convinced; and was above disowning it. 'I grant you,' said he, 'that there may be too much luxury as well as too little, as was the case with your young lord. But then you must allow, that if a man don't spend more than he can afford, that is, if he don't injure *himself*, we have no reason to complain of his luxuries, whatever they may be, because they give us work, and that not for a short time, after which we are turned off, as was your case, but regularly and for a continuance.'

John now went home, satisfied that the expenses of the rich, could not injure the poor, unless the expenses first injured the rich themselves. No bad safeguard, thought he; and as he trudged on, pondering it in his mind, he came to this conclusion:

'Why then, after all, the rich and the poor have but one and the same interest—that is very strange! I always thought they had been as wide a part as the east is from the west! But now I am convinced that the comforts of the poor are derived from the riches of the rich.'

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

Fanaticism.

'SHADOWS, clouds and darkness' are its elements, and its food. It eschews the light and lives on mystery. The heart is its armory, and with the weapons of passion, it assails common sense, and monopolizes the government of the soul.

Enthusiasm is one of the strong principles of our nature. It develops itself earlier than any other. Indeed, it is the characteristic of childhood and of youth. It is linked with consoling, animating hope. It imparts to all the affections, a double tenderness, a double vigor. It diminishes difficulties, and magnifies the means of overcoming them. It adds fresh ardor to the fire of an ambitious bosom. But with all this, enthusiasm has no connection with the mind, it is wholly of the heart. It would perish in the cold and elevated atmosphere of thought. Whenever it enkindles the feelings, the conceptions of the intellect become confused, and the judgment loses its control of the opinions and conduct. Enthusiasm is oftentimes blind, deaf, insensible to reason. It consults only its own erratic, and irregular, and inebriating impulses.

Thus constituted as the human character is, what mind, that has considered religious truth, can admit a momentary surprise at the existence of fanaticism? To the philosophic thinker, it would seem 'passing strange,' were not the evidences of its being and its power, as full and terrible as they are. It will not then appear extraordinary, that when a principle so strong and pervading as is enthusiasm,

so ready at the call of whatever is glorious or beautiful, is awakened by the sublimity and sweetness of revelation, it is at once increased to fanaticism—that, thus increased and transformed, it disembarasses itself of every obstacle, which reason interposes to its chimeras and projects—that its vivid dreams of Heaven, inflame to quixotic efforts for human salvation—that its fearful visions of Hell call forth loud denunciations of the wrath to come; for how well calculated is the rule of religious faith to excite religious phrenzy. The sacred books, abound with poetical images, with strong descriptions of bliss and torment. Their writers were of a singular nation, which professed to receive direct communications from Heaven, and to have the habitation of God among them. They were not the drilled reasoners of the Sanhedrim—few were the pupils of a Gamaliel. Prophets and Apostles, they lived in austere devotion, frequently making the wilderness their home, and when they addressed the people, spoke on matters of national concernment, of government and of war, as well as upon topics of a more devotional and spiritual cast. Their efforts were often made upon spurring exigencies, in the face of opposition at home, and of hostilities abroad. Thus, the figurative eloquence, the vehement assaults upon the heart, so frequent in the Scriptures. And while we see how eminently these are calculated to awaken enthusiasm, we discover a scene of fanaticism. The inspired and metaphorical writings are the standard of belief, but men do not discriminate between the *illustrations* of truth, and the *truth* those illustrations are intended to convey. They credulously adopt the *letter*, and blindly forget the *spirit*.

Fanaticism has been more exactly defined as 'wild and extravagant notions of religion.' I might add, notions which have no foundation in reason, or in those general principles, which, fanatics admit, compose the moral stratum of divine truth. Fanaticism overstrains, and overcolors, and surrounds with a false light, every subject which it touches. It never surveys any thing with coolness. Forward it stumbles by the torch of imagination, trampling on the opinions of others, and supported by an artificial confidence in its own sentiments. How wofully irreconcilable is its spirit with the Scripture it professes. The Scripture extends the Olive Branch of Peace; fanaticism brandishes anathemas in one hand, and with the other, would bar the gate of life. Like the sentinel, whose flaming sword waved over the boundaries of Eden, fanaticism would preclude the entrance of man to the Paradise above. She speaks of an inquisition, whose fires forever burn, whose racks forever torture, and whose doors are shut—forever. Instead of the filial confidence with which the Supreme Spirit should

be viewed, fanaticism sees him only as the angry Jehovah, pavilioned amid the tempests and thunders of Sinai, the air blazing with the lightnings of his wrath, and trembling thousand's crouching at the footstool of his throne. The Bible, so far from being regarded as an enlightening, elevating and entertaining volume, is ransacked for imagery to form a terrific portraiture of God's omnipotent wrath. Fear lifts her appalling trumpet to the conscience, and the whisperings of mercy are drowned in its wild and furious uproar.

Such is fanaticism, a wide spread and threatening evil of these times. Y.

For the Rural Repository.

The Beauties of Nature.

'ARE not all things good that are made?
Are not all things beautiful?'

THERE is Beauty on the face of the garnished earth. Its lofty, snow-capt mountains, ever wearing the chilling aspect of perennial Winter—the lesser, irregular protuberances that modestly raise themselves above the surrounding plains—the countless, fruitful vallies varying from the rigidity of Winter—the balmy fragrance and freshness of Spring, to the full development and richness of Summer, and the perfect maturity and abundance of Autumn—all present charms and beauties peculiarly their own, and never to the true admirer of Nature appear robed in forbidding or repulsive habiliments.

All things are beautiful. A sparkling beauty rides on the foaming waves of the ocean—an irregular beauty floats on the broken current of the turbulent river—an awful beauty is reflected by the leaping cataract!

There is a calm beauty on the unrippled surface of the placid lake—a gentle beauty on the smoothly gliding stream—a serene beauty in the stillness of evening—a sublime beauty in the star-spangled concave of the midnight sky!

The aurora borealis, as its glowing pillars move to and fro along the Northern sky, or its broad, luminous coruscations shoot swiftly upward to the unmoving zenith, exhibits a striking beauty! a changeful beauty reposes in the blended colors of the arching rainbow—a vivid beauty glares forth from the red lightnings of Heaven—an astonishing beauty pervades the architecture of the material world!

A becoming beauty suffuses the glowing cheek of the lovely maiden—a speaking beauty beams from the eye of the intelligent woman—a chaste beauty adorns the walk of the grave matron.

An innocent beauty decks the hours of childhood—a transient beauty attends the days of youth—a manly beauty shows forth in the prime of life—a venerable beauty crowns our declining years.

A placid beauty is evinced in the unpretending appearance of the harmless lamb—a terrific beauty in the portentous aspect of the fierce tiger—an insipid beauty in the dormant recumbency of the unmoving sloth. There is a beauty in all things!

The scaly inhabitants of the briny deep are beautiful in their kind—the feathered songsters of the expanded air show forth their thousand hues of living beauty! Look abroad o'er the bright face of earth—view the dashing waves of the mighty ocean—survey the grand architecture of Heaven—trace the almost endless varieties of the animate creation—range among the beasts of the woods—dive amidst the finny hosts that inhabit the depths of the sea—soar through the ambient air with the feathered race—search the boundless volume of Nature—scan the whole Universe of God—and then, and then only, will be unfolded an entire, an infinite Beauty!

M. L. F.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the Essex Register.

Excursion to Lowell.

LAST Thursday we took a ride to LOWELL, by the direct route through Danvers, Reading, Wilmington and Tewksbury.

We arrived at Lowell about noon, and put up at the American Hotel, a spacious and convenient house, fitted up in good style, and furnished with every convenience for the accommodation of travelers. We took dinner and set out on a tour of observation. We found a friend who acted as our conductor, and we were led through the factories and shewn many other things of great interest and curiosity. We continued our rambles, sometimes in the city, sometimes on the falls of the Merrimack, and then about the scenery around the Concord river, till after the evening bell rang for nine. We retired for rest at an early hour, as seemed to be uniformly the habit; and the inhabitants have good reason for doing so; for at 3 o'clock the next morning, even before daylight, one factory bell rang a merry peal, and as soon as the last pulsation struck upon the ear, the whirring and lanking of the machinery was heard. We looked out of the window and saw the dawn had just began to throw its grey light over the East, and right opposite a factory lighted up, and all alive and in motion. At 5 o'clock the great bell rung for a general turn out, and a simultaneous movement in all the factories. The girls swarmed out from all the streets and avenues which led from their boarding houses, and directed their steps towards a single point, where they became concentrated in a dense mass, at the bridge leading to the entrance of a range of factories, standing on a line on the opposite

side of a straight canal, which supplies the water power to each of the factories included in the entire establishment. The canal is bordered on the side next the factories, with stores for receiving the raw cotton, and on the bank next the street with rows of elms or other ornamental trees, which are enclosed and separated from the main street by a handsome fence. At 7 the great bell rang for breakfast—the great wheels were stopped again, and all became silent; the girls, men, and boys, poured forth from the gates, and crossing the bridge, diverged and radiated off towards the boarding houses. In half an hour the great bell is again heard, the wheels commence their gyrations, the streets are again full of people. The same ceremonies and the same appearances take place at the dinner hour, which is half past 12, and at half past 1 the bell rings again, and the afternoon operations commence. The wheels go round, the spindles twirl, the looms jerk in the threads so quick that the eye can only catch a glance of them as they dart through the warp, while the tissue is plainly perceived growing and winding itself upon the cylinders. We took a glance at the whole establishment of a cotton mill, from the opening of a bale of raw cotton to its being drawn out into a thread, and from that to its warping, sizing, weaving, folding, packing, and finally its loading and carrying in wagons drawn by six stout horses, through the heavy sands on the Tewksbury road, down to Boston.

The ringing of the great bell at Lowell, either at 3 or at 5 o'clock in the morning, is certainly to some purpose. It is no play-thing to call idlers from their beds, or to disturb those who had better be abed and asleep. How silly it is for people to be talking of morning walks, and boasting of taking exercise before breakfast, and then coming home tired out, and scarcely able to worry through the tedious day. There is no such fancy as this at Lowell. It is quite another thing to hear the great bell ring there. It starts up from their beds ten thousand people in the prime of life, in the full enjoyment of health, ready and able to handle and direct the rolling and twirling and twisting and thumping which is going on every where around, on the right and on the left, before and behind. There does not appear, however, any unreasonable duty imposed on any individual. All are at liberty to come and go whenever they please. The girls come to Lowell when, and stay as long as it pleases them; and they work by the piece, or job, the prices for which are placarded upon the doors of all the factories; the attendance is voluntary, and the wish to earn the utmost in the shortest time, induces them to a close application to business.—They come from all quarters of the country, and the stage coaches, drawn by six horses,

are continually occupied in bringing and carrying out loads of well dressed rosy checked country girls.

We noticed groups of these factory girls, as they were in attendance upon the looms and spinning frames. They were in the freshness and bloom of life, generally of about 20 years of age. Sometimes, when half a dozen in a neighborhood had put their looms in order, they would leave them to their own exact and rapid motions and assemble in little squads at some favorite place of resort, where there was a looking glass, at which they arranged their curls, or adjusted their combs, tattled all the gossip, and found out who, and what was what. This is their business for the day, but after tea, which they take at 7 o'clock, they dress up for the evening, and well lighted streets and the brilliantly illuminated stores were full of them. There was not a dry goods store nor a milliner's shop in which there were not to be seen groups of these fair purchasers. The workmen of the various factories, the builders, masons, carpenters, &c. of which Lowell is full, were also on the go. The hotels were filled or thronged about the piazzas, and in two places we observed auctioneers mounted on a stand and bawling as usual while their ivory balls were flourishing about and glancing in the rays of the torch light, as the presiding genius of the gaping crowd. All, however, was every where orderly and respectful. There was no noise, no rudeness, no assembling at the corners, no jostling—nor did we see any constables, stalking to and fro with their poles, to keep the peace. At the ringing of the 9 o'clock bell the multitude retired from the streets. We ought not to forget, that as we walked about the place, we noticed the refinements of social life, in listening to the piano, accompanied by the flute, and were quite delighted at the high degree of taste and execution of two amateur performers. We inquired of one of the crowd of listeners, and were informed that the performers were some of the head-workmen of one of the factories. Indeed, we found that music was a favorite amusement, and a taste for that elegant accomplishment is established in the place. We saw in a church, spacious and beautifully finished within, a large and elegant organ, lately built by those excellent organ builders, the Messrs. Hooks, of Boston, remarkable for the richness of its open diapason, and the majestic power of its sub-bass. The church and organ cost the proprietors \$25,000. We believe there are not less than fifteen churches in Lowell, all of modern architecture, and most of them built either of brick or stone, several of which are furnished with organs.

But, after all, it is not so much what Lowell is, as what it is inevitably destined to become—a city second to none in the State for

population and importance. The immense extent of the factories already established, and the magnificent works now in the progress of erection, will lay a foundation for the industry and prosperity of a population of one hundred thousand souls. There is already a theatre building, of wood, very spacious, and will contain an auditory not less than can be accommodated in the Tremont itself. Among the conveniences of the place, we visited a bathing house, fitted up with much taste and elegance. It contains apartments for ladies in one division, and for gentlemen in another. The rooms were carpeted and furnished with chairs, tables, glasses, and all the accompaniments of the toilette. Below the bathing rooms there are apartments for bathing in the river, and one spacious enclosure, in which there is a basin four feet in depth, calculated for swimmers.

We saw the carpet establishment, where they were weaving Kidderminster and Brussels Carpeting, Rugs, &c. This is done by complicate looms not easily described. There appears to be about twenty looms to work, each one having a different pattern, which comes out without the care or thought of the operator. The Brussels carpeting was woven in a loom altogether different from the Kidderminster, and required the aid of a boy to move some of the machinery. The operation is slow and tedious, and requires great care. The hearth rugs were of two kinds, one having on it some fanciful figures, and the other with a thick nap of variegated colors.

Buildings were going up all over the immense extent of ground on which Lowell stands, or is to stand. Buildings of all descriptions, of stone, brick, and wood, were ascending, and some most extensive factories, with all their accompaniments of dwellings and out-houses, were erecting in that quarter of the town bordering on the Merrimac, towards the falls. There is one very large and beautiful brick factory near the outlet of Concord river, seven or eight stories high, just finished but not yet in operation, designed for the manufacture of broadcloths.

The great number of stores is quite surprising. They stand in rows in all the principal streets, and are of every description—dry good stores, apothecaries, furniture ware-houses, shoe stores, milliners, tailors, grocers, confectioners, &c. &c. They are spacious and beautiful, particularly those under the new Unitarian church.—These have no windows, either bow windows, or any others. The entire front is thrown open, and the whole interior of the shop displayed to the passengers as they proceed along the brick side walks.

A POINTED JOKE.—A sportsman by touching his horse near the withers with his whip,

taught him to kneel immediately.—When shooting, and a dog came to the point, he made the horse kneel, and persuaded those present that the horse was an excellent pointer. A gentleman having purchased the gelding, was fording the river with him, when having touched his withers, he was true to the touch—down he dropped in the stream, and soused his new master in the water. The latter in a great passion asked the former owner what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water? 'Oh!' said the other, 'you bought him as a pointer, and at the time he went on his knees he was pointing a salmon.'

On a late visit of the Vice President to Brooklyn, Long Island, among those who came to see him, was a very ancient Dutch lady, whose grey hairs and wrinkles betokened physical decay, though her curiosity was as lively as ever. After an introduction, the Vice President addressed her in *Dutch*; the old lady, much astonished to hear her own language, opened her eyes a little wider than usual, but soon recovered herself and responded in the same polite dialect. After a few minutes delightful converse she retired, and declared to her friends that Mr. Van Buren was an extraordinary man, a right great man, a learned man—for, said she, 'He can speak *Dutch* almost as well as I can!'

EXTRAORDINARY—The Georgian tells the following improbable story. The editor must be a most unreasonable person indeed, if he imagines for a moment that any of his readers will believe a single syllable of the matter. Just hear him: 'On Friday last, a gentleman who had borrowed a book from us more than two years ago, actually returned it uninjured! and, what is more remarkable still, unsolicited, although the owner's name was not written on the title-page!'

PERSIAN STORY.—Saadi the Persian, tells a story of three sages, a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian, who, in the presence of a king of Persia, debated on this question: 'Of all the evils, which is the greatest?' The Grecian said 'Old age oppressed with poverty;' the Indian answered, 'Pain with impatience;' the Persian pronounced it to be, 'Death without good works before it.'

THE LAST ANECDOTE.—'Who's that are Mr. Scattering that always gets a few votes at our town meetings,' inquired an old lady a few days since of her spouse, as she was busily engaged in perusing a newspaper.—'I don't know,' said he, 'nor I never did, though the people have been trying to elect him ever since I first began to vote!'—*Dedham Patriot.*

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1833.

Miss Whipple's Poems.—Miss Frances H. Whipple, of Providence, R. I. who has been a contributor to several of our best periodicals, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a volume of Poems.—Miss Whipple is extensively known as a highly gifted and promising writer both in prose and verse, and we have no doubt but the forthcoming work will be considered as quite an acquisition by the lovers of fine poetry. The work is to comprise about 200 pages, and be delivered to subscribers at 75 cents per copy.

Harpe's Head.—This is the title of a new novel, by Mr. James Hall, just published by Messrs. Key and Biddle, Philadelphia. It is an American story, and 'the principal characters are' said to be 'skillfully designed and well painted.'

Our city subscribers, who have not yet paid for the present volume of the Repository, will be presented with their bills, with the next number.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, amounting the amount of Postage paid.

M. Silsbe, Charlestown, N. H. \$1.00; O. Lindsay, Colborne, U. C. \$3.00; M. Huntington, Bennington, Vt. \$10.00; S. M. Barton, Union Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; R. B. Humphrey, & J. Batchelor, Prattsville, N. Y. \$2.00; A. Winsor, P. M. Slatersville, R. I. \$1.00; S. A. Thresher, Trenton Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Loop, J. D. Richmond, & J. D. Palmer, Hillsdale, \$3.00; J. W. Swezey, Port Jervis, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Whitney, Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; E. Haight, Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; C. Lant, S. Argyle, N. Y. \$1.00; G. E. Peck, P. M. Marathon, N. Y. \$1.00; U. Miller, Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; T. Stewart, New-York, \$1.00; R. L. Mayhew, Ancram, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Wells, Brookfield, N. Y. \$0.57½; J. Dewey, Alford, Ms. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

Mr. J. S. Curtis, at his manufactory in Hampton, Conn. turns out ten thousand pairs of silver spectacles per annum, and now contemplates enlarging his establishment.

'Old Ironsides' is yet in the Dry Dock at the Navy Yard, Boston, undergoing a thorough repair. A few days ago, a grape shot was found in one of her timbers, which was sent there by the guns of the *Guerriere* or *Java*.

HEAVY DAY'S WORK.—The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company transported from their mines at Carbondale, over the rail road to Honesdale, a distance of sixteen miles, eight hundred and seventy-five tons of coal in one day.

A merchant in Boston advertises for sale one Camel's Hair Shawl, the original cost of which in Calcutta was one thousand dollars.

A wag in the night time, removed the sign board of a cutler and placed it over a watch house, and the passengers were equally diverted and surprised to read over the *Bridewell, Blades put in here.*

The bill appropriating a sum of money for the prosecution of the Thames Tunnel, has passed the British Parliament, so that this magnificent undertaking will probably be completed.



MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Richard M. Remington, to Miss Jane H. daughter of Reuben Moores, all of this city.

On the same inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sullivan, Mr. William Carpenter, to Miss Nancy Strong, all of this city.

In Claverack, by the Rev. Mr. Shuyter, Mr. Ricy Pebe, of Austerlitz, to Miss Amelia Banker, daughter of David R. Bunker of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23th inst. Alfred Smith aged 32 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Friendship.

THOUGH many dull cares, intermingled with sorrow,
Oppress now and then this lone bosom of mine,
My own native valley cannot be forgotten,
Its mem'ry is cherished as something divine.

Still, 'tis not the beauties of nature, I cherish
So fondly, though nature has truly displayed
A hand of perfection in painting her scenery:—
Nay, where is the landscape as richly arrayed?

Not hills clad in verdure, nor rich golden harvest,
Rills, gently meandering from sweet bubbling springs,
Nor proud mountain streams, from their rocky heights
bounding,
Such sweet recollection to memory brings.

But oh! for the friends of my childhood I cherish
The mem'ry of home—and to bid them adieu—
Ah, here lies the touchstone of feeling!—And can I—
No never!—forget whom I know to be true? T.
Claverack, September 4th, 1833.

For the Rural Repository.

Beauty and Virtue.

BEAUTY.

It is but a flower that blooms to decay,
Whose smiles and bright hue will anon fade away;
Whose loveliness soothes for a moment the heart,
Like slumbers of night with the morn to depart.
In youth it may smile, but in age it decays,
And sinks in the splendor of Virtue's pure blaze;
It is not a friend in the Winter of Death,
Ere that it decays, and is gone like a breath.

VIRTUE.

But Virtue, mild maid, will the bosom inspire,
And light up the soul with a bright, lasting fire,
That lends all its vot'ries a spark of delight
That burns through the day and rekindles at night.
It gladdens in youth, and forsakes not in age,
And charms us, and cheers us, to life's latest stage,
Then throws a bright radiance around the cold tomb,
And lights up its vaults with an immortal bloom.

WESTERN BARD.

East Bloomfield.

For the Rural Repository.

To —

I LOVE thee not as some may love,
Thy heritage and face;
But 'tis because mine eyes perceive
A more essential grace.

I love thee for thou hast a soul
Above the vulgar crowd,
And for that pearl of pearls—a mind
That thinks and speaks aloud.

Thine eye can see the beauty of
Each flower that gems the sod,
And in the fashionry of leaves
The handiwork of God.

The harmonies of nature's lyre
Thou feelest as I feel,
And where the multitude pass on,
We list, abide and kneel.

Bees, birds and waters, and the stars—

The breeze we feel, the clouds we see,
Tho' *prose* to half the soulless world,
Are *poetry* to thee!

For this and these I love thee, dear,
And more, because thou hast
A heart that ever strives to make
Mine happy to the last. T. R. H.

For the Rural Repository.

To my Muse.

COME, gentle minstrel, let us rove
In yonder shady, pleasant grove,
Where blows the calm refreshing breeze,
Amid the flowers and verdant trees,
Where 'Solitude, romantic maid,'
Resides beneath the cooling shade.
And see! besides, a foaming rill
Leaps from that high adjacent hill,
Upon whose banks we may recline
And pluck the fruit of yonder vine.
Here nature, with a smiling face
And friendly air, will ev'ry trace
Of sorrow banish from the heart
Oppressed by care's corroding dart.
Come then, my Muse, let's haste away,
While yet the light proclaims 'tis day,
While yet our hearts are full of glee,
And life is sweet to you and me. NEMO.

THE following beautiful—we had almost said, *faultless*—lines are from the pen of GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq. former editor of the New-England Weekly Review, and now the editor of a political paper at Louisville, Ky. Once we hoped and trusted to see Prentice stand at the head of American Poets—but he seems to have flung his fervid imagination to the winds—his priceless gift, the gift of song, lies neglected—he has burned his quill poetical, and buried the love he once felt for the muses beneath a heap of political rubbish. We regret it—for as a poet he might have won an immortality of fame, as a politician he never can—as a poet he might have been one of the brightest gems in the coronet of American Literature, as a politician not one half of even the present generation will ever hear his name.

Stanzas.

Yes, lady, thou wilt die. That lip of snow
And that pale brow foretold thy early lot—
The wing of death is o'er thee—thou wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are not.
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
And the sweet sounds which wander on the air,
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.
Yes, thou wilt die. Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull, cold exile for its place on high,
And like a bright cloud on a silent eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky;
Thy home will be where the blue skies are glassed
In softer streams, 'mid spring's undying bowers,
And where the winds of autumn never passed
Nor serpents writhed round passion's sweetest flowers.

Ay, thou wilt die, and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of the heart are fled,
To muse on thee and mourn, with bitter tear,
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
But, as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still, amid the deepening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart
Like a lone fire-fly on the midnight tomb.

THE following poem from the pen of Mrs. Child, is admirable. The subject is the painting of Vanderlyn of Marius seated amid the ruins of Carthage.

PILLARS are falling at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,—
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee;
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul
Though friends and fame depart;
The car of Fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart;

And Genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,
May melt like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurled;
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heaped on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there!

A Beautiful Simile.

BY BRYANT.

UPON yon mountain's distant head,
With spotless snows forever white,
Where all is still, and cold, and dead,
Late shines the sun's departing light.

But far below those icy rocks,
The vales in summer's bloom arrayed—
Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks
Are dim with mist and dark with shade.

'Tis thus from warm and kindly hearts,
And eyes where generous meanings burn,
Earliest the light of life departs,
And lingers with the cold and stern.

THE soul is like a boisterous working sea,
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling up and down from bay to bay,
Proves great with birth of indignations;
Yet with revenge is brought to calm allay,
Disburdened of the pain thereto belongs;
Her bowers are turn'd to bright-faced sunshine braves,
And fair content plays gently on her waves.

Answers to Enigmas.

1. Because it is *guest*.
2. Because he is a *host*.
3. The answer.

WANTED

At this Office, a smart, active lad, from 12 to 14 years of age

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